

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 44.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1807.

NO. 982.

THE RETALIATION.

From the New Ladies Magazine.

(Concluded)

IT is a question whether these last words reached his ears, for before she had given over speaking, he started and ran out of the room like a man distracted, uttering a volley of curses on her as he went down the stairs.

The moment he got within his own doors he sent for a physician, told him he had swallowed poison, and he had reason to believe it was of the most mortal kind; though by whom administered, or for what cause, he kept a secret, not to alarm his wife. Oil was the first thing judged necessary, great quantities of which he took; but nothing appearing but what any stomach thus agitated might disgorge, more powerful emetics were prescribed; but even these had no other effect than to throw him into fainting fits; yet, low and weak as he was, he continually cried out "Have I yet evacuated the poison?" and being answered in the negative, told the doctor and apothecary, that they were ignorant fellows, and he would have others sent for.

Cathartics and diaphoretics in abundance were now prescribed, all of which Melanthus readily submitted to, and went through their different operations with a consummate resignation, till, to avoid death, he was brought to the gates of it; but when he was reduced to such a condition as not to be able to move a finger, or speak articulately, it was then thought proper, in order not to lose a good patient, that some intermission of his tortures should be permitted, and in their room balsamic cordials, and all manner of restoratives administered.

As youth and a good constitution helped him to sustain the asperity of the first medicines, so it also added to the efficacy of these latter ones, and he was in a few days able to sit up in bed, and take nourishing food pretty frequently, though in small quantities; till at length the fears he had entertained of his own death being dissipated, he began to have a curiosity to know what had become of Clarissa, and accordingly sent privately to enquire after her in the neighbourhood where she lived.

The person charged with this trust brought him word that she was dead, and had been buried in a very private manner about three weeks past; and that some of those he had questioned concerning her, spoke as if it had been whispered she had been guilty of her own death; but as to that they could not be positive, though they were so as to her decease; and that they saw her coffin put into a hearse and six at five o'clock the very next morning after they heard of her death, attended by one mourning coach, with only her maid in it, and that it was supposed they carried her out of town.

This intelligence made him hug himself for the precautions he had taken, to which alone he thought he owed the preservation of his life; but then at the same time shuddering at the reflection of the danger he had escaped.

However, in order to recover his exhausted strength, his physicians ordered him to take the country air, which he was resolved to take the benefit of at H—, a few miles from the metropolis, and accordingly set out for that place, accompanied only by one servant. But even here his punishment followed him.

It is proper to inform our readers, that the wine that lady gave her lover was pure, and unmingled with any baneful drugs, and all its evil operations were owing merely to fancy, and the weakening effects of the physic he had swallowed; and she had enjoyed the account of his perplexed situation with all the pleasure of one who sees his favorite plot succeed. However, to carry the scheme still farther, Clarissa, with the advice of her kinsman, who together with her maid was privy to the whole of her proceedings, gave out that she was dead; and to strengthen the report, had ordered a mock funeral, attended by the maid, as the reader has been already informed.

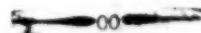
To prevent discovery, she had afterwards withdrawn herself for a while into the country, and by accident pitched upon a retreat near the very place whither Melanthus had gone for the recovery of his health. — Chance conducting her one evening alone to a field adjoining to that wherein he was taking the air; the unexpected sight of him made her repeat his name with an accent of surprise, without any intent of renewing his terrors: to say the truth, she was not herself entirely divested of disagreeable apprehensions from him if he should recognize her alone in such a solitary place, and be sensible of the trick she had put upon him, and the many vexations she had occasioned him. But Melanthus, who plainly enough perceived a beautiful form, arrayed in white (for the lady had on a loose white satin robe de chambre) which had the air and features of Clarissa, stopped short within a few paces, at the same time that her crying Melanthus! completed his terror and confusion, and swooned away, being fully persuaded that he had seen her apparition.

In this condition he lay for a considerable time, till his servant finding that he stayed out late, traced his steps to the very spot where he lay, which was in the circle of his usual walks, and with much difficulty brought him to himself. When he recollected his senses, he asked the fellow whether he had seen any thing; who answering in the negative,—"Ah! (said he) it is too certain, I and I alone, both in life and death, must be persecuted by Clarissa."

This accident occasioned him a second short but severe indisposition in the midst of which, in his ravings, he still imagined he heard a voice calling out to him, Melanthus! Melanthus! and again supposed he saw the spectre, so strong did fancy work upon his mind. — It was by the help of a very skilful physician that he once more recovered his faculties and health, and was soon afterwards mortified with receiving an account of the true statement of the matter, in an anonymous letter, supposed to be sent from the lady's kinsman, and this served to heighten the revenge.

It was some time before he could be brought to believe what he was told from every quarter and even when his fever left him and he grew perfectly restored, as to his bodily health, yet still his mind continued in a very disturbed situation; and after being with great difficulty convinced of the truth, the railery he was treated with wherever he came, on the subject of poisoning and having seen a spirit, so soured his temper, that from being that gay and entertaining companion I at first described, he is now one of the most morose ill-natured men in the world.

Disregarded by his wife, ridiculed by his acquaintance, and uneasy in himself he lives an example of that vengeance which Heaven seldom fails to take on perjury and ingratitude, and even Clarissa, though the instrument of inflicting it, almost pities his condition, and confesses the consequences of her stratagem are more severe than she either wished or intended.



Extract from Mrs. Roche's much admired novel

of the DISCARDED SON, which is just published and for sale at this Office.

Elizabeth, on the morning destined to give her hand to Mr. Eaton, appeared with a countenance melancholy but calm, an eye downcast, but unmoistened by a tear.

Mrs. Elford had made it a point that the ceremony should be performed in a consecrated place: accordingly, an old ruined chapel, a few furlongs from the house, and sunk in a deep hollow, amidst rude rocky mountains, was the one fixed on for the purpose.

The moment breakfast was over, the impatient lover arose for the purpose of conducting his bride thither. She involuntarily recoiled as he approached to take her hand, but, almost instantly recollecting herself, suffered him to do so without any further manifestation of reluctance. They were attended by Mrs. Elford, the clergyman, and another gentleman to act the part of nuptial father.

The wild and mournful solitude of the chapel, the desolation every where conspicuous in it, aggravated the feelings, and rendered still more chilling the sensations with which Elizabeth entered it: the roof in many places had fallen in, and the consequent damp had nourished all around that kind of vegetation which announces ruin and desertion—the wild vine gadded over the tombs, grass grew thick in the interstices of the flags, and here and there the ivy, creeping through the broken beams, twined itself about the mouldering pillars; the windows, half demolished, half filled up with stones and rubbish, permitted but a partial light to gain admittance, a sickly gleam of sunshine, which, like the smile of despair, served rather to chill than cheer.

The eyes of Elizabeth involuntarily wandered about, and almost as involuntarily she paused, for the purpose of contemplating more at-

tentively some of the melancholy objects upon which they fell.

The impatient Eaton did not allow her long to continue thus employed—"My love," cried he, a little impetuously, as well as a little reproachfully, "you seem to have forgotten the purpose for which we came hither," attempting, as he spoke, to draw her to the altar, or rather place on which the altar had stood, for there was now no remains of one; but where there had been, there was an elevation of a few steps.

The feelings of Elizabeth at this moment became uncontrollable—she felt as if she was about signing a bond which would tear her from all she held dear on earth: in the agony of her soul, she unconsciously wrested her hand from Eaton, and sunk, trembling and aghast, against the shoulder of Mrs. Elford.

She's fainting! cried he, in accents of alarm, have you nothing to give her to smell to?

Mrs. Elford produced a bottle of *eau-de-luce*. Eaton attempted to apply it himself to Elizabeth, but she took it into her own hand: and, after bending her pale face over it a few minutes—I am better, said she, but sighing as if there was an intolerable weight upon her heart.

"Yes, yes, so you are, my angel, and you'll be still better by-and-bye: the damp and desolation of this place has affected your spirits, so we'll get through our business in it as fast as possible, and be off."

Again he took her hand; and motioning to the clergyman, the ceremony was about commencing, when the grating of a small door, leading, by means of a long passage, to the cemetery belonging to the chapel, drew the attention of all towards it; no one, however, appeared: and concluding it was the wind that had moved it, the clergyman was on the point of proceeding, when again the door grated with more violence than it had before done on its rusty hinges, and the next instant a man, enveloped in a dark grey coat, with a large hat flapped over his face, so as to prevent any part of it from being seen, made his appearance; and with a slow pace, but an air of firmness, stalked forward till he came exactly opposite Mr. Eaton, when he made a full stop.

"Very strange all this!" cried the latter in visible emotion; and, after regarding the unexpected intruder for a minute in silence, and with deep attention, the natural ruby of his cheek too somewhat faded: "Say, Sir," in a tone of fierceness, "what is the meaning of this conduct? Speak! Who are you?"

"Behold!" replied the other, in a voice of thunder, and taking off his hat, "Behold!" and, drawing nearer to him, he fastened on him eyes gleaming with scorn, indignation, and fury. "Ha! you here! exclaimed Eaton, recoiling at the same time as if he had seen a serpent, "Perdition! what brought you hither?"

"Away, vile wretch!" returned the other, indignantly waving his hand. "Away! the spear of Ithuriel is advancing against thee; thy native deformity can no longer remain concealed. Away! thy lingering here avails thee not; thy intended victim is completely rescued from thee."

Eaton, though evidently overwhelmed with confusion, attempted to say something; instead however, of listening to him, the stranger turned towards the door by which he had himself entered, as if for the purpose of calling for assistance. Upon this, Eaton, with a horrible imprecation, precipitately quitted the chapel, followed by Mrs. Elford and his two other friends.

IS IT WISE TO MARRY?

CONSIDERED PRO AND CON.

BEFORE I'm bound in Hymen's fetter
Tight to a wife, for worse, for better,
I'll sit me down, to count the cost
And see if more be gain'd than lost;
For who, that's wed, would e'er go thro' it
And brook the clang of Scandal's bruit,
T'exchange an *evil* for a *curse*
And make a *bad* condition, *worse*?

A single man meets many a trouble
And, oft in vain, seeks pleasure's bubble;
No home, but the wide world to flee to,
No bosom friend, he may be free to,
No heirs, his fortune to inherit
Or charm his age with rising merit—
These are the plagues, and great ones too,
That each unmarried blade pursues.

Next let us turn the canvass over
And see what scenes we there discover,
If smoother flow the tide of life,
Beneath the influence of a wife—

Now matrimonial strifes arise,
And Love, affrighted, Hymen flies;
Now curtain-lectures tease or dun one,
And female gabble threats to stun one;
If you remonstrate, tears or fits
Shall draw, or drive you from your wits,
And yield you must—
Is but an earthly *purgatory*:

Your children, bawling, deaf your ears;
Or chafe your mind with anxious fears;
One proves a fool, and one ungrateful,
One turns a thief, and one deceitful:
Your hopes are gone, your choice repented,
You live unblest'd, die unlamented.

Thus either state has care and woe too,
But one or th' other, all must go through,
And th' only choice, where none is level,
Is, which uneven road to travel.

This choice, I now had thought to make,
One road pursue, and one forsake;
But find determination tough,
Where both, God knows, are—*bad enough*!

RELIGION.

'Tis this, my friend, that makes our morning bright;
'Tis this that gilds the horror of our night,
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
When friends are faithless and when foes pursue—
'Tis this that wards the blow or stills the smart—
Disarms affliction or repels its dart.
Within the breast bids purest rapture rise—
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.
When pleasure fascinates the mental sight,
Affliction purifies the visual ray—
Religion hails the dear, the untrod night
That shuts, forever shuts life's doubtful day.

TO JULIA.

O! say when on my burning brow
Thy hand was plac'd with tender zeal;
Why did my pulses throb and bow,
Or why did I such transports feel?

I thought—and O! that thought forgive,
Or prove the fond idea true
That, Julia, you would have me live
For love, for happiness, and you.

REMARK.

IT is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable.

From the Ballad.

MR. CROSWELL,

If you think the following tribute to the memory of a respectable class-mate (who has been suddenly cut off, leaving a widow and infant daughter to lament their loss) worthy of preservation, please to insert it in your repository, and oblige YALESS.

THE DEATH OF GILMOUR.

AN ELEGY.

CHEERFUL was the dwelling of the youth; on the bank of his native stream, his wife, the lovely companion of his joy was nigh; she lulled in her arms the daughter of their love, and they talked of the days that were past. Of the days when the youth, amid the sons of Yale, strove with the foremost for the wreath of fame, the meed of learned brows; or passed his leisure in retirement, to think of the maid of his bosom, the distant dweller of the swiftly rolling Shetucket. But death, who was nigh on a sultry cloud, heard the voice of the lovers, in the abodes of their pence—he heard, and he envied their bliss. He came on a poisonous gale of the south, and lurked in the breath of the youth—he fell, like a lily on the plain, when a frost untimely nips its opening bloom, and scatters its glory to the winds. And art thou gone so soon! son of the beaming eye? And could not the voice of thy love, as it sighed over thy mournful couch; and could not the tear of filial affection, as it fell from the child of thy joy, avert the stroke of death?

Once wast thou pleasant in our halls, fair son of the southern clime; and once did thy countenance gladden at the smile of the friends thou didst love; But now thou art low in thy tomb, the wolf of the mountain prowls over thy narrow house, the bird of night hovers around, and loud and cheerless sigh the damp winds of the valley among the fresh clods of thy grave.

But who is she, that comes like the star of the northern wave, when a mist veils its lovely face and it twinkles dim and distant in the fields of its sorrow? It is the wife of his love, the lonely mourner of her partner gone. She presses to her bosom the child of her grief, and she comes by the faint light of the setting moon to moisten his grave with her tears. I hear her sigh on the gale of night, as the cold dews are falling around: "Partner of my youthful joys, (they seem to say) fair dweller of the clods of the valley; whether now thy soul delights in the fields of its bliss, or whether with guardian care it hovers round the friends of its youth—listen to the voice of thy love, the hapless sharer of thy pleasures past. Protect the child of thy care, the lovely daughter of thy happier days—so shall my soul rejoice in the remembrance of our delights, of the hours when we roamed in the silence of evening on the banks of the rapid Roanoke."

She wept over the youth that was low, she kissed the babe of her pride, and many and mournful were the looks she cast behind her, as her slow steps departed from his grave.

The manner in which we salute and receive a friend on a visit to us, is worthy of attention. If done with gravity, coldness and reserve, he will feel immediately uneasy, and think himself not welcome.

If we wish to make a matter public, the best way is to whisper it to a friend under the injunction of profound secrecy. We may be sure then that in a few days the whole neighbourhood will ring with it.

Parents are exceedingly mistaken in thinking that the future honor and happiness of their children depend upon having large estates left to them. It frequently happens that they do not live by far so usefully and respectably as those who had little or no patrimony at all.

What is called *humour* is a quality peculiar to certain persons, and often those in the lowest ranks.

life. One of the latter description on the occasion of some soldiers having been executed near the conclusion of the American revolution, gravely asked a gentleman, 'is the war over that they are hanging the soldiers?'

When you must yield do it gracefully...when you must persist do it courageously...when you must respect the feelings of those who suffer, and preserve your own from suffering.

Zimmerman.

Every man ought to learn to swim—to make a pen, and to shave himself.

To deceive is a base trade at best—but to deceive those we love and value, is a folly so totally inexcusable, that I defy all the arts of sophistry to frame an argument in its favor.

Sterne.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 22 persons (of whom 8 were men, 8 women, 3 boys and 3 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. of consumption 8, convulsions 3, debility 2, decay 1, scarlet fever 2, hives 1, inflammation of the brain 1, liver disease 1, sudden death 1, old age 1, palsy 1, and 1 of sore throat.

W. H. Harrison, Esq. governor of the Indiana Territory, has announced that there does not at present exist the smallest probability of an Indian war; but on the contrary, that all the tribes on the frontiers are determined to remain at peace with the U. States.

It is now confirmed, that the brig Bee, captain Joseph Newman, of Newburyport, was lost on Cape Cod in the late storm experienced there; and distressing to relate all on board perished except John Cannon, seaman, and Thomas Clark, cook, being six that were lost. Three of the bodies have been found and interred. The brig was laden with duck and iron, from Gottenburg, the cargo owned by captain Johnson and Simpson, and Col. Peabody. About 100 tons iron were saved and a prospect of more being got. It is stated that the storm was tremendous, and the snow fell at the Capes nearly three feet deep.

Mer. Ad.

It is with regret we have to record an unfortunate accident which occurred on Thursday evening last at the Whitehall slip. Captain Queciferous Pease, owner and commander of the sloop Haven, of and from New Bedford, while shifting his vessel to another berth, fell overboard, and before assistance could be afforded, went down. His body is not yet found. Captain Pease has an amiable wife and three children at New Bedford. N. Y. Gazette.

On Monday morning last, between the hours of one and two, the sloop Liberty of Albany, Captain Cobb, was struck with a gust of wind in the Highlands, opposite to Mr. Denning's and immediately sunk. The fore-castle having been left open by the cook, the sloop filled instantly, and went down head foremost. There was a perfect calm before and after the unfortunate occurrence. Captain Cobb and the hands were saved. The sloop had six passengers, four of whom, viz. Messrs. Wm. Dunaway, Pascal P. Brewster, Ezra Woodruff, and Joseph Brown,

were also saved in the sloop's boat, which was cut from her stern; but two of the passengers, having waited to dress themselves and preserve their money, were drowned in the cabin. One of the latter was a Mr. Furman, (christian name not known) of Brunswick, New Jersey, a tanner and corrier, who had been working at his trade at Waterford or Lansingburgh; the other, a Mr. Crullis, a Scotchman, was unknown to the surviving passengers. *ibid.*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

On Saturday the 20th August, a young woman, servant to Mrs. Wood, a widow lady of Cuckfield, complained of a head ache and drowsiness, when her mistress advised her to take some baum tea, and lie down; she accordingly went to bed, and immediately after dropped into a profound sleep, and continued sleeping, though proper means were used by the faculty to arouse her, till Sunday the 28th inst. (8 days) when she awoke, apparently from the sound of the church bells, which were then chiming, and occasioned her to remark, that her yesterday's indisposition had caused her to lie beyond her ordinary hour, as it was church time. She got up without much assistance, but complained of excessive thirst, and appeared extremely weak. Mrs. Wood took all possible care of her, and she is now perfectly recovered. During the whole of this wonderful suspension of the faculties of the mind, the flush of health appeared on her cheek, but their fullness diminished considerably after the third day, when her pulsation grew weaker, and her breathing could hardly be perceived. No sustenance could be administered to her.

Lew's Journal.

An English Lady, resident at Warsaw, has written a letter to a relation in Rochester, which came the last week, in which, among other particulars, she gave an account of the fashionable amusement of the ladies of that place. Instead of assembling in tea parties, or passing their time at cards or dancing, a large number of them meet constantly every day; after having collected all the rags they have been able to procure, a large vase, constituting an elegant piece of furniture, is placed in the centre of an extensive table, round which the ladies seat themselves; they then take the rags they have collected, and scrape them into lint, which is placed in the vase, and when a sufficient quantity is made, it is sent off by large packages to the army, for the use of the wounded soldiers! This employment, it is said, constitutes the principal, and indeed the only amusement of the patriotic females attached to the interest of Bonaparte.

London paper.

A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work people in a due attendance at church, on a Friday told them that if they went to church, they would receive their wages for that day, in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that "if he would pay them for over hours they would attend likewise at the Methodist Chapel in the evening. *ibid.*

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved plans in the very best manner, at moderate prices, by J. Greenwood, Artist in the *Line Dental*, No. 14 Vesey street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHEN fascinating beauty smiles,
Though deem'd a transient flow'r,
Vain man with all his boasted might,
Submissive owns its pow'r.

MARRIED.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Low, Jordan Coles, junr. of Red Hook, L. I. to Miss Martha Garrison of Flatbush.

On the 3d inst. Mr. Wm. B. Ludlow to Miss Julia Sarah Morris, eldest daughter of Robert Morris, Esq.

On Saturday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Key-pers, Mr. Elam Williams to Miss Eliza Teneyck, daughter of Mr. Andrew Teneyck.

On Sunday last at S. Van Brakels, Monmouth County, New Jersey, Mr. David Bowne to Miss Margaret Morgan, daughter of Gen. James Morgan of South Amboy.

MORTALITY.

THUS the stars too shall fade, and the planets le-
Old Time but his seasons shall know; [say
The heavens themselves shall like dew melt away,
And the floods shall their banks overflow!

DIED.

On Saturday, Mrs. Catherine Roosevelt, wife of Cornelius C. Roosevelt, Esq.

On Saturday, Benjamin Catfield, aged 70, a native of Ireland, a resident of this city 45 years.

On Sunday evening last in the 52d year of his age, Mr. Andrew Richardson, a native of Scotland, and for several years an inhabitant of this city.

On Tuesday afternoon, Dr. John F. Vacher.

At Pittsburgh, Alexander Addison, Esq. the President of the court of Common Pleas.

At New Providence, Isaac Ambrosius, aged 85, a native of Cheshire, England.

*. NEXT Sunday afternoon (if fair weather) a Charity Sermon will be preached in the Methodist Church in Second street, Bowery: when an appropriate Hymn will be sung, and a collection made for the Charity children.

By this institution a number of Children, who might otherwise have remained in poverty and ignorance, are decently clothed and educated, and taught the principles of Religion, and are thereby fitted for useful members of Society. 'He that giveth to the Poor lendeth to the Lord.' Dec 12

ORAM'S ALMANACS

for 1808,

For sale at this Office.

Also Hutchinsons Almanacs

for 1808

by the groce dozen or single one.

INDIA GOODS.

MRS. TODD has for sale at no. 92 Liberty street an elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of India mull mulls, Gown patterns complete Cloaks, veils, Habit Shirts Striped and checked Doreahs Remarkable fine plain Dacca and Nainsook Muslin Striped and checked Secruckers new handsome figured Boglepores of different kinds [gives Handsome Kid shoes and slippers, and various other articles Also, Fresh Imperial and Mysen Tea of the first quality, 79—Oct 10

CHRISTMAS PIECES.

An elegant assortment of plain and coloured Christmas Pieces, for sale at this office by the dozen or single one.

FOUND.

A short time since, A POCKET BOOK, containing a small sum of money; the owner may have it by applying at No. 228 Front-street Nov 31 979—26

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE BOY AND THE BAKER.

Once, when monopoly had made
As bad as now the eating trade,
A boy went to a Baker's shop,
His gnawing appetite to stop:
A loaf for two-pence there demanded,
And down a tiny loaf was handed.
The boy survey'd it round and round,
With many a shrug and look profound;
At length—'Why Master' said the wight,
'This loaf is very, very light!'

The Baker his complaint to parry,
Replied with look most archly dry,
While quick conceit sat squinting on his eye,
'Light boy! then you've the less to carry!'
The boy grin'd plaudits, to this joke,
And on the counter laid down rhino,
With mean, that plainly all but spoke,—
'With you I'll be even 'know.'

Then took his loaf, and went his way,
But soon the baker haw'd him back—
'You've laid down but three half-pence, Jack,
And two pence was the loaf's amount.
Now's this, you cheating rascal, hey?'
'Sir,' says the boy, 'you've less to count.'

THE FAMISHED MOTHER.

Loon, loud blows the wind on the moor,
And chill is my path through the snow;
An outcast, unfriended and poor,
Over the face of the wide world I go.

Hush, hush, my sweet babe! for thy cry
Is more than my anguish can bear.
O God! will thy merciful eye
Not look on my frantic despair!

At the door of the rich man I knock'd,
For plenty was written thereon;
But the rich man my poverty mock'd
And tauntingly bid me be gone.

The passenger witness'd my grief,
And he told me he pitied my sigh;
But I spurn'd at his proffer'd relief,
For lewd was the glance of his eye.

My steps by a banquet house pass'd,
Where guests enter'd joyous and free;
I shrink at the wintry blast;
But there was no entrance for me.

Thro' the night, and the storm, and the cold,
Must I and my little one roam;
But ere many moments are told,
Shall we both reach a last quiet home.

Cease, babe, thy screaming so wild—
There! creep to this half-frozen breast—
And now will the mother and child
Lie down on the deep snow to rest.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Lve from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer
No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York
Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable col-
ours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned
dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All
kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly a
possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed
hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gelle
men's clothes cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dy-
ed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Con-
tinent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be
punctually attended to and returned by such convey-
ance that is most convenient.

December 6.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language
Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his a-
cademy at Harmony hall in Barley corner of Wil-
liam street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at
such hours of the day or evening as may suit their
convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for
masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other
times, and in the evening for grown persons of both
sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any
time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gen-
tlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in ear-
ly life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dan-
cing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather
than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen de-
siring it, will be waited upon at their houses. sep 1
IGNACE C. FRAISIER.

BOARDS

CHEAP EUROPEAN CARPET STORE,

NO. 46 MAIDEN-LANE,

Has received by the latest arrivals from London,
Liverpool, and Greenock, and now opening and for
sale, an extensive assortment of Brussels Carpets and
Carpeting; Venetian, English, and Scotch ingrained
of various qualities; Hall and Stair Carpeting, both
ingrained & common.—The above goods are handsome
patterns different from any offered before at this mar-
ket, being laid in very low, will enable him to sell
them from 1 to 5s per yard lower than can be pur-
chased in this city. The public will be well accom-
modated as to quantity and quality.—Also, an elegant
assortment of Hearth Rugs, from three to fifty dol-
lars.

N. B. Also makes the following articles, and war-
rants them of a superior quality: Feather Beds, Bol-
sters and Pillows of all sizes; hair, wool, moss, tow,
whalebone, and cattail mattresses; White Cotton
Counterpanes; a great variety of Fringes, Bed Lace
Curtains, Bedsteads, Chairs and Sofas; and a large as-
sortment of Rose, Wire, Bath and Superfine Blank-
ets. Vessels furnished with curtains, mattresses, &c.
at the shortest notice. An extensive stock selling off
at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. Bed and
Window Curtains made in the most modern style.—
All orders received with thankfulness, and due atten-
tion paid. 10,000 wt. of Wool, suitable for upholster-
ers and saddlers.

A handsome assortment of Paper Hangings.
October 24. 975—tf.

JEWELRY.

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and
customers, that he has removed from the Park to No.
200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of
their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and
his attention to his business will fully meet with their
approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of
the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast
pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl,
plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair work-
ed necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver
tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and
ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of ar-
ticles appropriate to his line of business, which are
too numerous to mention: he will sell at the lowest
price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which
are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

25,000, 10,000, and 5,000 DOLLARS

HIGHEST PRIZES.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Tickets in the SIXTH CLASS LOTTERY, for
the Promotion of Literature at \$6 50, but will short-
ly advance to seven.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for sale at this Office,
THE DISCARDED SON;

OR THE

HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,

By Maria Regina Roche.

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will discharge without destroying
the Linen, for sale at this office.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

TO BE SOLD BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ori-
ginal COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, La-
dies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds



Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to a-
ny other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from chop-
ping, with an agreeable perfu-
4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream
for taking off all kinds of roughness
clears and prevents the the skin

from chopping, 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving; with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s
bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyrette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pearl
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, gloss-
ing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from
turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pans-
ums, 1s. per pot or roll. Rolved do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical
principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s & 1s 6d
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box.

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket-Books

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. La-
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration

which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 3, 1807

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES.

ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for
sale at No. 104 Maiden lane. oct. 17 974—tf

TICKETS

IN THE SIXTH CLASS
LITERATURE LOTTERY,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted
tight, by C ALFORD.
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch House

FILES

OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,
For some years back
Neatly bound—For sale at this Office

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.